The Cimes (11) Dispaich !!

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bers should not, for any trivial rea-

By Times-Dispatch Carrier Delivery Service in Richmond (and suburbs), Manches-ter and Petersburg-

Entered January 27, 1903, at Richmond, March 3, 1879,

THURSDAY, APRIL 15, 1969.

THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.

The expanding faculty

merations of young men equipped to sort. service to Virginia.

THE ADDRESS OF THE COLOR OF THE ADDRESS OF THE COLOR OF THE ADDRESS OF THE COLOR OF THE ADDRESS OF THE ADDRESS

ing, it will hardly be noticed that the beinful out the House had made it

What "oversights" of the Senate the belled to correct, no man can now

cused when called upon by the court code of legal ethics, which includes a

nem is now being added the oppor- altruism as to be positively injurious gaged,

it apart from the lawyer's or any others. Alderman. With so y colleges, the difficulty endowment funds to any deserving, is very great, isk, to the scholarly mind yated taste, a particularly Dr. Alderman says: "The an American university is a support of the lawyer's have a kind of of before the war and all the reitage reward. Lawyers have a kind of of before the war and all the reitage of breathers. Westerner Charmed With IIIs Glimpse of Virginia's Capital.

John S. Bradstreet is just home after a two-months' trip to Nassau. Miami, Charleston, Richmond and Washington. He has brought back with him one conviction; that Minneapolis can go into old Virginia, Southern, easy-going, sleepy Virginia, unproduction; that Minneapolis can go into old Virginia, with all the heritage of before the war and all the reputed

ad useful and helpful lives and to cities have wisely met it by establish

lar our deduction and analysis are a

Why spend money for yeast? James G. Patten's wheat corner makes the bread rise.

They are talking about establishing a dictatorship in Constantinople. We know of only one man who is competent for that job, and he is tied up with engagements in Africa,

A pistol duel in Tennessee resulted in the death of both principals. More than ever are we convinced that Tennessee is no place for the Boni Castellane school of personal-difficultarians.

Press says, weigh only 141 pounds, but the bulk of his heft is massed north of the neck-line.

Those who thought that the Anania Club passed into history on March 4 last are alscovering their mistake. Six months from now all Africa will be dotted with club-houses.

Turkey is now enjoying her first crisis of the month,

"Democrats in Harmony," says a headline. The deuce of it is that it is only in headlines that Democrats are in harmony.

We believe the little Venezuelan Disinherited would part with about a million francs to hear a dock full of voices thinder out; "Cipriano, welcome to our noble city!"

One thing to be said in favor of the headgear is that they make superb clothesbaskets when not otherwise en-

after careful and long-continued in vestigations, we are now ready to an-nounce officially that April is only 7.08 per cent, more reliable than a Repuber cent, more reliable than a Republican tariff revision pledge.

"They threw the glove-box, not will love, full in Sereno's face."

Unless we miss our guess complet. ly, the Senator from Rhode Island must feel, like Warren Hastings,

stome is where the heart is. Also where Castro isn't,

The Balkans will hardly relapse into quiescence until the Servian standing army has found an easy chair and sat down.

the proposed stocking tax never bothered Salomes any.

BEAUTIFUL RICHMOND.

ferson.
"I am not much given to compliferson.
"I am not much given to complimenting hotels," said Mr. Bradstreet
last night, "but when I was leaving
this one, I had to go and tell the
manager how pleased I was. I think
I have never seen a hotel so ideal in
every appointment."—Minneapolis Journal,

DEMOCRATIC CHAOS.

Borrowed Jingles.

THE UNENDING WAR. The Balkan clouds have blown away, No more on men to frown, But the scriptane of our choir Still throws the gauntlet down,

They've exiled Castro far away
Across the ocean flood,
But we can't play a trick like that,
Our basso still sees blood,

The yellow peril has been stilled, Become a danger dim. But our contraite yet remains Upon the warpath grim.

The English build their Dreadnoughts fast,
In fear of German might.
But after they have shaken hands
Our tenor still will fallt.
--McLandburgh Wilson, in New York Sun MERELY JOKING.

"Could you tell me where I can get a drink at this time of night?"
"No, sir!" says the officer, rebuidingly, The belated individual goes on his way, but at the next corner he has a new idea, so he returns to the faithful officer and inquires confidentially:
"Could you tell me where we can get a drink at this time of night?"—Life.

Sporting Blood.

The father frowned.
"What is that boy watching all the clocks for?" he demanded.
The mother smiled.
"He's got them running in a six-day Marathon race," she replied. "and the one that runs the longest gets olled."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Old Lady: "Conductor, is this my car?" Conductor (affably): "No, ma'am, this car belongs to the Boston Elevated,"—Har-vard Lampson, A Big Rat.

"Pal" "Well?" "What's a fortification?"
"A big fort," "Well, pa, is a ratification a big "Wille, go to bed at once!"—Cleveland Leader.

Adjutant (at inspection, discovering second button of soldier; tunic unfastened). "Dash it all, sergeant-major! Here's fellah haif naked! Make him a priznar!"

Sprylynl of the Fittest.

"Your poetry sells well," said the friend,
"but it won't live," "That's all right,"
answered the poet, "If I've got to choose
whether I or the poetry lives, I'm strong
for me,"—Cleveland Leader.

THE OBSERVANT PARAGRAPHERS.

R ADIUM bromide is worth a billion dol-lars an ounce. This item is given in the hopes that it will prevent tee deal-ers from being too chesty this summer,— 5t, Louis Post-Dispatch.

There is this about the peach-basket hat, however: The best peaches are at the bottom of the basket.—New York Mail.

That Paris milliner who has just become insane is not the one who invented the new spring hats. He must have been afflicted before that.—Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

The Hon, Champ Clark would better be quiet, or some malevolent enemy will put a prohibitive tariff on Chautauquas.—Chicago Evening Post,

PRESIDENT TAFT SHOULD COME.

George Nares's Arutic expedition in 1875. It was he who added Christma Island to the British empire, assuming charge of the annexation, and has probably done more than any other officer in the service to develop the use of the torpedo, of which he is re-garded as the leading expert of the day. A number of the maritime powers are personally acquainted with him through his service in their capitals as

ubert Magniac. (Copyright, 1999, by the Brentwood Company.)

STATE PRESS

Obtinary.

A town that never has anything to do in a public way is on the way to a cemetery, and it is not hard to kill a town. Any citizen who will do nothing for his town is helping to dig the grave. A man that curses his town and its prosperity furnishes the coffin. The man who is so geliash as to have no time from his business to give to city affairs is making the shroud. The

The Courts of Europe

By La Marquiae de Fontenoy,

William May will depend the deciration of the Special Speci

from \$11.50 to \$28 per 1.000.

upon the free list."-Editor The Times

the immediate repeal of the tariff o pulp, print paper, lumber, timber and logs, and that these articles be placed

The new Easter bonnet for nincteen nine, In really outlandish in size and design it puzzles one greatly to blieve they made

The fact is they'd frighten off

And views their dimensions displayed in the shops. Or hung in the windows to catch the cut eye Of shoppers who're out, Easter bonnets t

But since they're the fashion, why th moralize
About their phenomenal shape and their size?
For women will wear them and men will

And she who hence forward parades hat. Whose summit does not equal Mount Ararat. Or breadth less expansive than Rittenhouse

Square.

Will be a back number, whoever they ar
D. H. KENNEY.

Easter Day. My faith was slain by reason, and I gave Its lifeless form to earth, while to my sight,
As silently I mourned above its grave,
The sun had lost its light.

But lo: there dawns upon my life at last The solemn splendor of a wondrous day, The shadows flee, the darkness all is past. The stone is rolled away.

And from the grave, victoriaus o'er its might, My faith comes forth as day of night is born,
And rises radian, with celestial light,
On this sweet Easter morn!
HOWARD MORTON.

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